



THE GREAT GERMAN REMEDY FOR PAIN
Cures RHEUMATISM, NEURALGIA,
Backache, Headache, Toothaches, Sprains, Bruises, etc., etc.
Price, Fifty Cents. At Druggists and Dealers.
THE CHARLES A. VOGELER CO., San Francisco, Proprietor.



SWIFT'S SPECIFIC

In nature's own remedy, made from roots gathered from forests of Georgia. This root cut represents the method of its manufacture, which is as follows: The root is washed, gradually increasing until a \$100,000 inventory is now necessary to supply the trade. This great vegetable root is a true panacea, curing, catarrhal, rheumatic, cerebral, rheumatism, neuralgia, pain, incontinency or otherwise, without the use of mercury or poisons.

THE SWIFT'S SPECIFIC CO., N. Y. 157 W. 23d st. Drawer 3, Atlanta, Ga.

CONSUMPTION.

This is the kind of disease that the United States soldiers in New Mexico and Arizona have to cope with," continued Mr. Cook, "and there is little wonder that the small force down there can do nothing."

"How long will the campaign against Germon's band last, in your opinion?"

"Until more troops than were sent to Fort Reno last summer (about 5,000) are sent out to that country and hem the Indians in so they cannot escape," was the reply.

The campaign has been a most brilliant one for the Apaches since last May," he continued. "One Indian has been killed and about 90 whites murdered, the last being by the ambush in which Dr. McDonald, the doctor of the army, was shot and four others were shot dead and Lieut. Cabell and two or three others badly wounded. The Apaches in the same time have also stolen nearly

ONE THOUSAND HORSES,

the greater part of which they have ridden to death or killed and a few of which they still have with them. From our ranch they obtained their first mount, shot and killed, and after that they carried off the horses—good ponies—from a round up. Pretty sick drive that. While the cow-men were camped the Indians got in between them and their horses and drove off the whole round up mount. From another ranch they secured forty horses at one time, and among them was a \$2,000 stallion. When the station was set up a steep mountain side, he had a fall and fractured his brain. He had been packed until he couldn't go any more, not in his brain, knives had been jabbed in such a deep place, and the poor animal on that craggy mountain side lay dead and the Indians had to shoot him.

The young man started as if in sudden surprise. Then rushing up stairs again he disappeared from view. In another instant the gas in that room was extinguished.

There was no fifth act.

A. O. U. W.

Red Cloud Chief: A lodge of the Ancient Order of United Workmen was instituted in Masonic hall on Saturday evening December 10th, by Grand Lecturer E. W. McDonald. The new institution starts out with highly flattering promises, and the members who joined the new lodge will without doubt soon take its place in the front rank with its sister lodges of the state. The following officers were elected and duly installed:

P. M. W.—A. C. Hosmer.

M. W.—M. Birney.

Foreman—Dr. L. D. Denney.

Overser—H. W. Brewer.

Recorder—C. E. Wood.

Financier—J. Miller.

Review—H. W. Brewster.

Guide—H. Tauchow.

Ward—J. Peterson.

P. W.—J. Milligan.

Medical Examiner—Dr. L. D. Denney.

Trustees—J. L. Miller, H. W. Brewer, M. Birney.

The next meeting will be held on Thursday evening January 7th at which time the grand lecture and a number of invited guests will be addressed on the subject of conferring the degrees of the order. It is a deservedly popular institution, is increasing with astonishing rapidity all over the land, and has already carried substantial checks to the otherwise desolate homes of thousands of widows and orphans.

That Charming Poem, Goldsmith's Maid.

Boston Traveller: A gentleman from Boston, author of the following story on Congresswoman Pauline Poel, it is well known, is not a man of very high literary attainments, but to appear well read he professes to have glorified over every piece of literature that comes under discussion. Judge Pittman, who is a highly intelligent and well-read man, has done well in talking literature to Paul. Some time ago, while a party of gentlemen were sitting around listening to some of Paul's experiences of congress, Judge Pittman asked:

"Poel, you have read Tennyson, haven't you?"

"Oh, yes, yes, and I like him very much."

"Do on him."

"What do you think of his poem, 'Gold-smit's Maid'?"

"To tell you the truth, it is the best thing he ever wrote! I tell you what, Pittman, going to congress what's a man's appetite for literature!"

AN INTERMINABLE WAR.

"With the war ever terminable?" was asked.

"Not until a different course is taken by the war department," was the reply, "or the backs all die off of people who have plenty of ammunition. Every time they raid a settler's cabin and kill him they get a fresh supply. When they kill a prospector they get both weapon and cartridges. Then they have ammunition cached all over the mountains. They can live on anything and go without water for six months with little trouble. With the exception of the Indians they will run around bare-legged in two feet of snow. Gen. Crook said in his last report that only ten bucks were out. That same time there have been three skirmishes, and in these about forty bucks have taken part. If Crook is right these are all squaws, but I have yet to see a squad that knows enough to ambush soldiers and kill men at 300 yards. Sheridan does not know where they are, and they are away perfectly satisfied. There didn't happen to be a killing just at that time. He didn't talk with any of the people either. The people of South Arizona and New Mexico

ARE GETTING DESPERATE.

They have seen a hundred of their friends and relatives shot down in cold-blood and their bodies terribly mutilated during the past year and fall. One lone Apache has sold a settler and the Indians are in as good fighting trim as when they left the reservation. Business in the towns is paralyzed. The cattlemen this year haven't dared to undertake a round up. Valuable stock is being killed and horses run off constantly. Gen. Crook may be operating as successfully as he can, but he doesn't accomplish the captures that the settlers could make if he had, and the inhabitants of Silver City have threatened to hang him if he ever comes there. Some day there will be a sensation and every Indian on the reservations will be killed by poison. There is but one way to get the hostiles. That is to put 5,000 in infantry troops in the mountains and surround them. Dirty and repulsive as the Apache is, I feel just like all the people in the nation when I say that I would like to eat one. The United States soldiers are better for the purpose of exterminating the Apaches that are off the

THE MURDEROUS APACHES.

A Man Who Has Trained Them Talks Pointedly.

One Redskin Killed and One Hundred Whites Murdered—Four Thousand Soldiers Wanted.

On orders.

"Little bodies and big heads, dirty and semi-naked, and as full of hell as a tarantula—that's the Apache," said James Cook of Silver City, New Mexico, who is in Cheyenne making purchases for his ranch which adjoins the San Carlos reservation, as he talked with a reporter yesterday. "The Apache is a wild animal with the human cunning. He murders for pure cussedness and takes demoniac delight in it. He can travel 65 miles a day over the roughest mountain, his spindles of legs carrying his narrow body and big head through defiles and up trails where a burro cannot go, and his squaw keeps right along with him. They live on roots and herbs and will feast on the Spanish bayonet, a species of cactus, which the white man cannot touch.

"He wants meat, which he seldom seems to care anything about, he plunges a lance into a horse's shoulder and the animal sinks down with the knife gouges a chunk of quivering meat out of the animal's flank and the Apache squats down and feasts like a king on the warm flesh. A horse to him is a luxury, but not a necessity. He can travel about as well without one as with it, and at best the animal will only be used in the mountains to pack plunder. Sure if it is enough to buy a horse to go with him, the Apache isn't fagged out. The Apache would reciprocate by putting his cheek Embedded by her affectionate warmth, he then ventured a little further and placed his hand around her shapely waist. By this time a big crowd had collected on the sidewalk, and the performance became decidedly more interesting. The two chaps had been drawn side by side, each other's backs closely looking into each other's eyes when the climax came and the girl reached over to the young man and kissed him.

This fetched the crowd upon the sidewalk and shouts of "Encore!" "Yum, yum" and "Do it some more" were heard in subdued tones.

Act three commenced on time. Mail-order was being swiped away in the flood tide of love, and the girl passed from man to man, turning her arm around the neck of each, and the crowd followed suit.

"Don't thumb the melons," said the girl.

The reading of one sign in a fish market was displayed conspicuously.

Hands off.

seemed to be the most common sign round Quincy market, though

Strangers must deposit one-half in advance. Notions were sent out in one piece. At a wholesale and retail nut store was found the following:

Ball traps shot dead.

All beggars bounced; the bouncer goes by steam.

Pay cash—the book-keeper's out.

A neat sign was found in an express office directly above the cashier's window, which was the picture of a fork, directly beneath which was printed "over your money," leaving those whom the cap fitted to discover its meaning. Another said:

Our motto is,

"Live and let live."

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